

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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CAMP-FIRE GIRLS ASSEMBLED FOR A CEREMONIAL MEETING.

The Camp-Fire Code.

BY THE EDITOR.

HELEN, what's a code?" Annie Hollis dashed up the steps to the porch where Helen Manchester was sitting, dropped her books on one chair and threw herself into the hammock. "Duffy's been lecturing me again. Says he thinks I am old enough not to make so much trouble in school, that it is time I began to live by the Christian code. What is it, anyway? I never heard of such a thing."

Helen smiled at the breathless girl, who looked, as she was, such an arch mischief-maker, overflowing with high spirits.

"I suppose it's a set of rules to live by, isn't it?"

Annie's laugh rippled out.

"I don't live by rules," she answered; "I just—live."

"Well, so do I," returned Helen; "but one has to think about the right way sometimes, doesn't one? No one would like us if we didn't."

"What are the Christian rules, anyway? I don't know one except the Golden Rule—and that doesn't always apply."

"Doesn't it? I wonder where"—

"Listen. When I play tennis with Bess Morgan, am I going to think what I might like if I were Bess? Not much! I'll play the game to win, every time. She'll get ahead of me if I don't,—she does win a good many times, anyway. What fun could we have if we were thinking of the Golden Rule?"

"Probably Bess wants you to play as well as you can, as you want her to do, and you

both obey that rule without having to think about it, in that case, anyway. Don't you know any other part of the Christian code?"

"I learned the Beatitudes, and they sound beautiful when we hear them read in church; but they don't seem to tell me anything to do. I never remember, in school or anywhere, to try to be meek, or poor in spirit. I'm not sure I want to be, anyway. I'm not one of the mourners, nor persecuted. I do like the 'pure in heart' one," she added in a softened tone. "Then there is that part about turning the other cheek when you are hit and giving away your cloak—I'd like to know what mother would say if I tried that. Anyway, what has it to do with frolics at school and getting pulled over the coals by Prof. Duff?"

Helen hesitated. She was nearly three years older and far more serious than Annie, her nearest neighbor, yet the girls were good comrades and she did not want to preach.

"It does sound grown-up, and pretty far off," she said at last. "What we need is a code for girls—and I know one."

"No use for me," said Annie, swinging the hammock hard and tossing and catching her hand-bag at the same time. "I'm not ready to be grown-up, and stupid, and never do anything jolly. And I'm sure I shall laugh when I see funny things—even in school. Fact is, Helen, there's one thing I want hard, always, all the time. It's to have some fun."

"Yes," said Helen. "That's all right, too, if you don't have your fun at the expense of some one else. Queer, that code seems made just for you. One part of it says, 'Be happy...'"

"What!" Annie sprang to her feet. "Are you sure it isn't 'Be good,' or 'Be meek,'

or 'Be patient,' or something like that?" making a wry face as she spoke.

Helen rose too, laughing.

"I gave it to you straight," she said.

"Tell me the rest of it," Annie demanded.

"Not now. Instead, I shall invite you to join our Camp-fire Girls. We are just starting, and need one more to make up our number."

"Who will be in it?" Annie asked cautiously.

Helen named several of the girls who were their common friends in school and church.

"Sounds good," said Annie.

"Miss Maynard is to be the Guardian," Helen continued. "It's something like Boy Scouts. We wear Indian costume, learn about the outdoors and how to do things, repeat the Laws—that's the code, you know—and have jolly good times. Will you come?"

"Will I come!" Annie danced about in joy. "I love Miss Maynard, and outdoor things; I like picnics and hikes and bird trips and games; and dressing up in togs is the best fun of all. I'll come fast enough!" All her puzzles about codes and rules of life were forgotten in the prospect.

"Come over to-night and we will find out what we need to know to organize a Camp Fire. Miss Maynard will be here, too."

Annie nodded as she seized the strap that bound her books and ran down the steps.

A few weeks later the fourteen girls in their Indian costumes, with their Guardian, were assembled around their central fire for a ceremonial meeting. The open space in which they met had a group of fine trees about it. The girls had just repeated together the Laws of the Camp Fire: "Seek beauty. Give service. Pursue knowledge. Be trustworthy. Hold on to health. Glorify work. Be happy." They had sung their invocation:

"Lay me to sleep in sheltering flame,
O Master of the Hidden Fire;
Wash pure my heart, and cleanse for me
My soul's desire."

Helen, her head tilted to one side, looked across the flame and smoke of the central fire at Annie, youngest of the group, standing at the end of the line. Their eyes met in sympathetic understanding.

"It is like the one Beatitude she cared for," thought Helen. "I wonder if she remembers."

When the ceremonial was over, Helen and Annie stood talking together.

"It was like church, wasn't it?" said Annie. "Only this is ours. It seems to mean me, every time."

"Do you like our code, now that you know the whole of it?" asked Helen.

"Indeed I do. It seems not only to tell us to be happy, but to show us how we may be. But—it isn't the Christian code, is it?"

"I think it is," said Helen, "only put more simply so that we can understand it better."

"I'm glad of that. I always thought of Christianity as something sad and solemn,

meant mostly for folks who were poor or in trouble."

Miss Maynard came near while Annie was speaking.

"Perhaps we miss something of what Jesus meant," she remarked with a smile to Annie, "since they made Scripture out of what he said. When we read the 'Blessed,' do we remember that Jesus was talking about being happy? When we say our Laws together, and sing the prayer 'Wash pure my heart,' I believe we want what he wanted, and I think of his words as a message to our Camp-fire Girls: *Happy are the pure in heart, for they see God.*"

June-Time.

BY ELSIE L. LUSTIG.

DAISIES dancing in the sun;
Pansies smiling, every one;
Children laughing as they run,—
June is here, now for some fun!

Birds are singing in the trees;
Humming, buzzing are the bees;
Elms are swaying from the breeze,—
June is here, each one decrees.

Happy spring, we'll do our part,
Helping on your smiling start;
When joy stays, though you depart,—
That's the June-time in the heart.

The Invaders.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

TED BECKWITH, office-boy in the large office of the Maynard Factory, did not realize what was the meaning of the humming, buzzing bee that sailed into the office through one of the open windows, whirled around, paused here and there, scaring the girls and making the men hit at it with brooms and hats. Ted did not realize, it should be said, at first, what the meaning was in the bee's appearance.

Ted held a very humble position in the office, and he was beginning to wonder whether he would ever climb higher. There were many people employed in the office, and though he had worked faithfully, he had not been promoted. Ted was anxious to get ahead as rapidly as possible, for he wished to take a business course in the evening in the city, and the more money he was paid the quicker he could take the course.

This story tells how the little bee became a friend who helped him.

Ted was busy stamping envelopes with the stamping machine when he heard one of the girls near the open window scream, and he heard her say, "Why! just look at that!"

There was a scramble of those near her to see what she was pointing at, and exclamations of astonishment and alarm reached Ted. Then he decided to leave his work and see what all the excitement was about.

When he reached the corner of the office where the excited people were gathered, he found himself alone, for all the rest were scattering, and cries were going up from the frightened girls, and one man who had been trying to lower the window was

dancing about in an astonished way and slapping at something in the air.

In a moment Ted understood what was going on, for he saw a great cloud of bees sweep in through the office window, humming like a big electric motor, and swing across the room. They settled before his wondering gaze in a sort of cubby-hole formed by shelves on which bound volumes of reports were kept. They formed a solid mass, suspended so that the heavy mass was at the top gradually tapering off. Around the big mass other bees kept hovering.

Ted understood, then, what had happened. The first bee had been the "scout bee"; he had come into the office, and thinking he had found a good place, had sailed away to tell his friends; and they had all come in a great party.

If the bees were satisfied, the people in the office certainly were not. The bees had really taken possession of the room, for no one seemed to be brave enough to dodge past them to the only door that opened out of the office.

Just at that moment, the door of the private office opened, and Mr. Maynard, the head of the concern, came out. He looked a little cross at first, as if he had been disturbed by the noise; but when he saw the bees he stopped stock-still and stared. A bee happened to sail near him, and he dashed down the room and joined the others of the office force.

"Great Scott!" Mr. Maynard said, shaking his handkerchief about him furiously, "that bee almost stung me!"

Ted almost laughed, for he could see that they, being city people and never having had anything to do with bees, were really frightened. He had seen his grandfather, who owned a lot of bees in Vermont, handle them; so he was not very much frightened, although he did feel a little nervous.

Suddenly, Mr. Maynard said: "Come! Come! Doesn't any one of you know how to handle those bees—how to get rid of them?"

No one volunteered. Mr. Maynard looked worried. "We have some important work to get out to-day; something must be done."

Ted stepped up. "I think I can handle them, sir. I won't say I can for sure, but I'll try."

Maynard looked at him doubtfully. "Well, go ahead!"

So while the bees hummed softly in the great mass, and the rest of the office force kept in their corner except when they fanned away a bee that came accidentally near them, Ted began his preparations.

He was anxious, for he had only seen his grandfather handle a swarm of bees, and he was only going to try to do as his grandfather did. He knew that somewhere in the swarm was the queen-bee, and as long as she stayed where she was, the swarm would stay; if she decided to go, the swarm would go.

So while the others looked on with interest and, it must be said, with a little fear, Ted made his preparations. He took a tin pail from his locker, where he kept the tow and rags with which he dusted the office. He emptied a large waste-paper basket made of cardboard and found a square board used by one of the draughtsmen in the office. Then after lighting the

tow and rags and holding the can until a thick cloud of smoke was rising, he stole toward the bees. He was going to "smoke" them until they became stupified.

As he drew near some of the stragglers from the swarm bumped into him, and he jumped, but he was not stung, for he stopped still and the few bees, after circling around him, went off. However, it was a ticklish position, and he had to screw up his courage.

Right under the thick swarm he held the smoking can of rags, and the smoke went up thick and white, and folded around the swarm. He held the can there in spite of the bees about him. Pretty soon a few began to drop to the floor, and then a few more; but he began to wonder, after all, if there was something he was not doing that he should do. He kept the smoking tow beneath for some time, until the drowsy bees fell thicker; then shoving the waste-paper basket under the swarm, with a long ruler he gently pushed where the swarm hung the thickest near the top. Suddenly, almost the entire swarm fell; it broke into clumps as it fell, but all of it went into the basket; and Ted clapped on the square board, completely covering the top. The bees were captured. A few, of course, were free, and although some of these were rather sleepy, from the effects of the smoke, so that they did not sting, Ted was stung several times, and he danced around excitedly, forgetting everything except the sharp pains that were shooting into him.

But the biggest part of the bees were safe in the box, and it was not long before the rest that were free were driven out by the men in the office who had gathered courage as they saw Ted's lack of fear.

On Mr. Maynard's orders, men came from the shipping department and took the basket of bees outdoors.

Ted, rubbing the swollen places on his hands and face, was called into Maynard's office, where Mr. Maynard said shortly:

"Lad, I liked the way you offered to tackle those invaders. I like a chap who's ready to meet an emergency. How'd you know what to do?"

Ted told him of what he had seen his grandfather do.

"Good," answered Mr. Maynard; "you have used your eyes. You're my kind of a boy. I'll have your pay raised. Take this to the cashier."

He handed Ted a slip, and when Ted saw it he forgot his stings. One glance told him that the amount on the slip made it possible for him to take his evening course in the business school.

A Cherry Rhyme.

BY HARRIETTE WILBUR.

CHERRY blooms, cherry blooms,
White as the snow;
Is it the rain
That makes you grow?

Cherries ripe, cherries ripe,
Up in the tree!
You are as red
And sweet as can be.

Cherry pie, cherry pie,
Ready to eat!
What boy can want
A finer treat?

Homecoming.

BY BEATRICE BARRY.

FLOATING through a sunbeam, lighting
on a rose,
Swaying there in ecstasy with every breeze
that blows;
Golden wings all flecked with brown and
splashes of maroon—
Oh, to be a butterfly, on a day in June!

Soaring swiftly skyward—stopping on the
way
Just because the maple branches look so
green and gay;
Preening glossy feathers there and bursting
into song—
Oh, to be a mocking bird, all the summer
long!

Yet—and here's a secret just between us
two—
There's one thing I'd rather be, and one
I'd rather do.
After all these weary months so fraught
with war's alarms—
Oh, to be a happy maid, clasped in Daddy's
arms!

A Little Red Cross Nurse.

BY MARIAN WILLARD.

No, Mary Elizabeth, you ain't goin' to no Red Cross meetin' to-day. I'm a-goin' to use the colt in the west meadow, so you couldn't get there. If you've got any extra time on your hands you can help your mother a little, and take care of the baby, so as she kin get a little chance to rest," and Farmer Haynes walked out of the kitchen with an air that his little daughter knew meant obedience on her part and no questions asked.

Eli Haynes was not in any way disloyal, for he had given willingly to the Red Cross, but he felt that with the great amount of work to be done on the farm, and the lack of help to do it, he could not spare the horse to take Mary Elizabeth the four miles to the village and back. He also felt much worried about his wife, who had to do the work of three women and who was growing thinner and paler each day.

I am sorry to say that Mary Elizabeth sulked a bit as she took little Bob out to walk in Tuckerman's pines that fine afternoon. She was sorry to miss the gay talk of the girls as they folded compresses, and sewed for the Belgian babies, and more than that, she wanted so much to do her part in the Great War.

"My people have lived on this old farm since the days of the Indians," she said to two-year-old Bob, who trotted contentedly along at her side, "and now I'm only a girl, but I want to do something as much as my great-grandmother did when she ran the farm alone and sent all the men away to fight under Washington. And now father won't let me." I am afraid that two big tears found their way down Mary Elizabeth's cheek as she pitied herself.

She was too sensible a girl to sulk very long, though, and before she knew it she was helping little Bob to chase Mrs. Holden's little black kitten, so that they could take the runaway kitty home to its mistress.



By Mrs. W. Durrant.

BUYING THRIFT STAMPS.

When she went in to carry the kitten she found that Mrs. Holden was in distress, too. "Mrs. Hale just telephoned that she'd stop for me to go to the Red Cross with her to-day, but I can't leave Elsie alone," she said regretfully. "I can't go either," said Mary Elizabeth. "I can't have the horse to go." Then, after a few moments' thought, she said, "As long as I can't go anyway, why don't you let me take care of Elsie for the afternoon? Oh, do go; you can go for me," she urged. Her busy fingers helped Mrs. Holden to dress after she flew to the 'phone and called up Mrs. Hale, telling her to call for Mrs. Holden after all.

Mrs. Holden, who seldom found an opportunity to leave her home cares, went away delighted, and Mary Elizabeth made acorn cups under the big elm in the yard, while anxious Mrs. Oriole in the tree above scolded them. All the lovely afternoon Mary Elizabeth amused the happy children, and when evening came she felt rewarded at the sight of her mother's rested look.

The next day of the Red Cross meeting, Mary Elizabeth went to the 'phone and called up Alice Burt, whose mother ran a large touring car. "If your mother will take Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Dean," she said, "I'll take care of the children while they're gone." That afternoon Mary Elizabeth cared for five little tots besides Bobbie, while their mothers were able to enjoy a chance to get out of the house and do the work that is so much needed.

The third week, Mary Elizabeth printed a little card to be displayed at the Red Cross house saying that she would gladly care for any children under five years old whose mothers could be released for the Red Cross work. Every week she amused and cared for a group of little children while their mothers sewed and knit for the boys at the front.

At the end of the summer vacation a large bundle was left at the house one morning by Mrs. Hale. When Mary Elizabeth opened it, she found within a fine American flag, and on it was a card that read, "For our Little Red Cross Nurse."

"I guess I have helped some," thought Mary Elizabeth to herself, that afternoon, "even if I haven't been very brave about it." But I'm not sure that she wasn't a heroine after all, are you?

Only in the loves we have for others than ourselves can we truly live—or die.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Why does Johnny Jump Up?

BY KATE LOUISE BROWN.

WHAT riot stirred the garden plot,
Did Dandy Lion roar and flout him?
There's such an anxious air about him,
Now why does Johnny Jump Up?

Atilt upon his tiny toes,
Of garden pets you could not miss him,
You've but to see, then long to kiss him,
Oh, why does Johnny Jump Up?

'Tis such a darling little face,
Now sunset gold as any tansy,
Then purple deep like to a pansy,—
But why does Johnny Jump Up?

Oh, who could harm the little thing?
I've asked the brown bee droning over,
I've questioned rose and blushing clover,—
Now why does Johnny Jump Up?

But never an answer comes to me,
I cannot catch the culprit straying,
I've often sought him in my playing,—
Oh, why does Johnny Jump Up?



THE BEACON CLUB



OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

3715 CENTRAL AVENUE,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to join the Beacon Club and receive a button. I am a tenderfoot in the Girl Scouts and am enclosing a puzzle which I hope will be published. I go to the Unitarian church in Indianapolis, of which Dr. Wicks is minister. I am almost eleven years old and attend School No. 66, which is considered the best school in the city.

Yours sincerely,

EMILY PAUL.

55 WALINGFORD ROAD,
BRIGHTON, MASS.

My Dear Miss Buck,—I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade.

I go to the First Parish Unitarian Church in Brighton. Our minister is Rev. Albert C. Diefenbach. My Sunday-school teacher is Miss Baxter. I am using the note-books you arranged.

I would like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club.

Sincerely,

VIRGINIA G. HALEY.

Our Beacon Club now has an enrolment of 2,053 members.

When Little Thistle Flew.

BY L. D. STEARNS.

LITTLE flaxen-haired Thistle-in-the-Sun tossed her soft head and swayed gently back and forth on her slender stem: "Oh, woe is me! woe is me!" she cried.

Sir Golden Wings, hopping about in the green by her side, ruffled his bright feathers, tipped his head first this way and then that, tugged at a big string and asked, "What's the matter now, Thistle-in-the-Sun?"

Spreading his wings he flew in a glorious circle up—up! then, in a twinkling, he was back again by her side. "Chirp! chirp!" he caroled brightly. "What's the matter now?"

Little Thistle shivered, though the sun was very, very warm, and a tiny tear rolled down her glistening stem. "Oh!" she cried, "I want to fly! to go up into the blue above—here—there—everywhere!"

"Chirp! chirp!" Golden-Wings was at the string again. How it would help in that jolly little home he was building away in the top of the great old tree! "Thistles weren't made to fly," puffed he.

With a soft, warm touch a wandering breeze kissed the cheeks of little Thistle-in-the-Sun. "Wait, little friend," smiled he.

Puff! tug! PULL-L-L! with a snap, the string gave way. Up! up! holding fast to his precious find the happy bird soared to the tipmost top of the great old tree. "Good-bye! good-bye, little friend!" sang he.

Whir-r-r! Whiff-f-f! Whir-r-r! Whispering and singing, the soft breeze again

37 SPRING STREET,
BELFAST, ME.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to join the Beacon Club.

I go to the Unitarian Sunday school, and I belong to the Bluebirds.

Mr. Wilson is our minister. My Sunday-school teacher is Mrs. Wilson. Our birthdays are on the same day.

Yours truly,

DORIS WILSON.

AMHERST, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. My mother teaches my class, and we are reading the story of Elijah in parts, and acting it out. I like *The Beacon* very much, and I should like to become a member of the Beacon Club.

I am ten years old.

Yours truly,

ROBERT P. UTTER, JR.

Other new members of our Club are Elizabeth H. Von Wagener, Denver, Col.; Adele Wedemeyer, Portland, Ore.; and in Massachusetts, Frances Bascom, Mary Dow, and Nancy M. Dorr, Lancaster; Betty Churchill, Medford; Bertha Milton, Newburyport; Frances Kennedy, Readville; Margaret Davis, Salem; Horace Chase, Stoneham; Ruth P. Harnden, West Roxbury; Nina Barnes and Edwin N. Perkins, Wollaston.

danced lightly across the field: "Now, little Thistle," it called, and gave little Thistle-in-the-Sun a long, sweet kiss. Then, with a brisker sound, the East Wind touched it, and next moment—up—up—a thousand ways, little Thistle-in-the-Sun flew, and flew, and flew!

"Till We Meet Again."

BY THE EDITOR.

The Editor and *Beacon* readers must now say "good-bye" to each other until after vacation. This is the last number of Volume IX of our paper. Volume X will open with the number issued for October 5.

To all the Beacon Club members Miss Buck wishes many opportunities for being helpful and happy through the long summer days.

To Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts success with gardens and canning and all their many duties, with a chance for one good deed each summer day and the will to keep the Scout Law.

To Camp-fire Girls and Woodcraft League girls and boys long days in the woods and fields, new knowledge, added skill and strength, with the chance to use them in service to others.

To each member of our Unitarian Sunday schools, young and old, teachers and pupils, the Editor sends a message of courage and cheer. Let us carry the inspiration of church and school into vacation days. May we be often learners and worshippers in God's good out-of-doors, and our faith shed its light through our lives during every one of the vacation days.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LXXII.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 7, 8, 11, 10, is food.
My 12, 2, 3, 4, is a liquid measurement.
My 1, 14, 15, is a metal.
My 13, 5, 6, is sense of fear.
My 15, 9, 1, catches fish.
My whole is a popular song.

J. W. M.

ENIGMA LXXIII.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 5, 2, 3, form the past tense of a verb.
My 1, 9, 7, is to do a bad thing.
My 11, 12, is a common abbreviation.
My 4, 6, 7, is something used in hot weather.
My 10, 9, 5, is what you call a man.
My 8, 5, 9, 10, 11, 12, is a kind of shortening.
My whole is the name of a city.

ROBERT P. UTTER, JR.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLE SQUARES.

1. A fruit, the sharp side of a surface, a chill, a dance.
2. A fruit, learning, to advise strongly, submissive.
3. A vegetable, a girl's name, trees, a piece of work.

Youth's Companion.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 34.

ENIGMA LXVIII.—Emancipation Proclamation.

ENIGMA LXIX.—Washington.

A PUZZLE.—C-h-a-r-a-d-e, charade.

TWISTED ISLANDS.

1. Cuba.
2. Heligoland.
3. Rhode Island.
4. Ireland.
5. Newfoundland.
6. Ceylon.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 35.

ENIGMA LXX.—The Charge of the Light Brigade.

ENIGMA LXXI.—A Man Without a Country.
A WORD SQUARE.—

N I G H T
I D L E R
G L A D E
H E D G E
T R E E S

TWISTED NAMES OF BOYS.—1. Roger. 2. Jack. 3. Harold. 4. Francis. 5. David. 6. Edward. 7. Frank. 8. Russell. 9. Tom. 10. Robert.

BLOCK PUZZLE.—Cab fed.

First Scout: "Did you ever hear the story of the two holes?"

Second Scout: "No, what is it?"

First Scout: "Well! Well!"

Second Scout: "You got me then, but you never heard the story of the two men."

First Scout: "What is it?"

Second Scout: "He! He!"

Boys' Life.

THE BEACON.

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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